

Good G O O S E *don't bite ;*

O R,

The C I T Y in a Hubbub.

A N E W

B A L L A D.

To the Tune of, *Joan stoop'd down to buckle her Shooe, &c.*

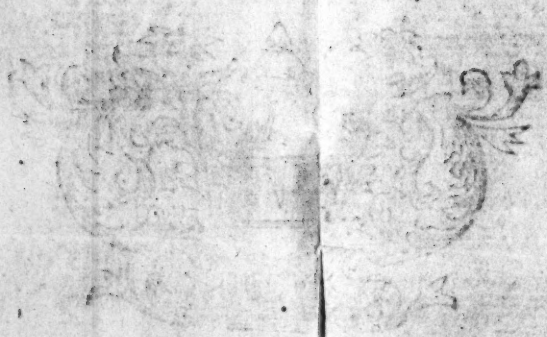


L O N D O N:

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A NEW

BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *Joan stoop'd down to buckle her Shooe, &c.*



LL to the *SWAN* beside the *Change*,

The *Cit's* did troop one Day Sir ;

From *Wards* within, and *Wards* without,

And there was the *Dev'l* to pay Sir:

Some with huge *Antlers* o'er their *Brows*,

And others with *young one's* sprouting;

Which made the *Alley* shew like a *Park*,

And caus'd a wond'rous shouting.

Their

These *Hero's* roar'd as they went along,

No Laws of EXCISE extended;

For that it would be a crying Sin,

Should ever *bad Wines* be amended:

Then when the Bottles and Glasses were brought,

They all sat round the Table;

And as each Man would first be heard,

It was the Confusion of *Babel*.

At last *DICK DASH* the tumult to quell,

To the *Chairman* made a Motion;

(A Vintner bold, whose *home-brew'd Wines*

Had ne'er been *Sick* on the Ocean.)

Hear *DICK*, hear *DICK*, they cry'd one and all,

Then *DASH* tuck'd his Apron round him;

And if he utter'd a single Lye,

He pray'd G--d might confound him.

Dear Brethren, quoth he, *what* do they mean

By loading us with *Excises*;

Which soon will strip our *Clarets and Ports*,

Of all their foreign *Disguises*?

Why must those COUNTRY PUTS be eas'd

Who live by their dirty Acres ?

If we are not of more Use than they,

Let 'em ask the Undertakers.

Perhaps our London SHE's have club'd,

To give 'em a Bribe or Pension ;

For our Girls have Commodity's not yet Excis'd,

And our Wives much love Extention :

'Tis those damn'd Jades, we know to our Cost,

(And ought not this to alarm ye ?)

Are for taking an Ell, where we give 'em an Inch,

And encourage a Standing Army.

But should the Law give Excisemen curst,

Admittance into our Houses ;

When that they have measur'd our Barrels and Buts,

Why may they not gage our Spouses ?

And pray what Vintner of you all,

His Account in this would find a ;

To have one Vessel abroach in his House,

More than he has Leisure to mind a ?

A jolly *Scripture Expounder* next,
 Who liv'd not far from *Wapping* ;
 Compar'd this *Bill* unto his *Pipe*,
 And said it was worth the *Stopping* ;
It beboves us CLERGY to set forth how
The Legislators will wrong us ;
Should their Wisdoms EXCISE (which Heav'n forbid)
Our dearly belov'd MUNDUNGUS.

Besides, I can prove if this ACT should pass
Were the Senators so many CATO's ;
The Indians will root up Tobacco quite
To sow Turnips and Potatoes.
And should that noble Weed be lost,
I'll shew from the Revelation's ;
Your Foreheads, alas ! kind Gentlemen,
Will become your sole Plantations.

Now while their Fury was at the Heigth,
 And any Man living had sworn Sir,
 The State was going to be reform'd,
 So as State was never before Sir :

And just as the Healths were going round,

To B--d, P--y and Pl--r;

In whips little *Mercury*, under the shape

Of a Drawer from the *Rummer*.

And what do you here good Sir ? said he,

To *DICK DASH* his Speech addressing ;

Two Captains are with your Daughters got ;

A Colonel your Wife is *caressing* :

A Pox, quoth *DASH*, on my politick Skull !

Is this all the Fruit of my cunning ?

I'd better by far, Excis'd o'er and o'er,

Than at once have so many Taps running.

If while w're about such weighty Points,

We are bamm'd by those impudent Huffs,

What are we alas ! when all comes to all,

But a pack of Blunderbusses ?

Haste Neighbours then, and look to your own Brows,

For these Soldiers will ride all the City,

So they rang, they paid, and all stooping went out,

And there is an End of my Ditty.

F I N I S.

